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CREAM SEPARATORS.

The Laval Alpha separators were first made and have ever been kept guaranteed since their introduction. They are all limited and infringe upon no patent. Every one of all makes and sizes is now in use. Sales ton to one of all makes and sizes. All styles \$2.50. Save \$5.00 to \$10.00 per year by any setting up your system. Price \$5.00 to \$5.00 per cow per year for any installation.

New and improved models will be ready for 1898. Send for our Catalogue containing a full range of up-to-date dairy information.

THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO.,
ANDOVER & CANAL STS.,
CHICAGO.
74 CONCORD STREET,
NEW YORK.

FARMERS

You can make money by selling hay, straw, and other materials used on every farm. Pull it up, pack it, and sell it at less than string. Never wear out. Thousands of men are doing it.

New and improved models will be ready for 1898. Send for our Catalogue containing a full range of up-to-date dairy information.

The Agricultural Newspaper of the East.

See Grand Premium Offers on Pages 2 & 3.



THE MAINE FARMER PUBLISHING CO., Publishers and Proprietors.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

TERMS: \$1.50 per Annum, in Advance.

Vol. LXVI.

No. 37.

THESE THINGS DO!

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For the Maine Farmer!

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The Maine Farmer!

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In the Maine Farmer!

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Maine Farmer.

Z. A. GILBERT, Agricultural Editor.

All hands in the hay-field the State over!

KENNEBEC COUNTY. In Probate Court, of Augusta, on the fourth Monday of June, 1898.

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of CLARENCE P. ANTELL, late of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:

Ordered. That notice thereof be given to all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate, then to be held at Augusta, and if the same shall not be proved, approved and allowed, the last will and testament of the said deceased.

Attest: W. A. NEWCOMB, Register.

KENNEBEC COUNTY. In Probate Court, of Augusta, on the fourth Monday of June, 1898.

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of AMASA DOUGLASS, late of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:

Ordered. That notice thereof be given to all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate, then to be held at Augusta, and if the same shall not be proved, approved and allowed, the last will and testament of the said deceased.

Attest: G. T. STEVENSON, Judge.

Attest: W. A. NEWCOMB, Register.

KNIVES for ROSS CUTTERS

Write for prices, it will pay you.

S. E. LINCOLN, SPRINGFIELD, O.

KNIVES FOR HORTICULTURAL CUTTERS

Attest: G. T. STEVENSON, Judge.

170 Water St., Augusta, Me.

AUGUSTA CITY PRODUCE MARKET.

(Corrected July 6, for the Maine Farmer)

Native fowl plenty; spring chickens coming in freely. Veal plenty. Eggs plenty. Lard and pork steady. No game pork offered. Beans unchanged. Spring lambs abundant. New domestic cheese in the market. Old potatoes a rupee. Green peas and native berries beyond demand.

BEANS—Fresh, \$1.00 per bushel. Peas, \$1.00; eye beans, \$1.00; green, 75¢.

Eggs—Fresh, 10@11c per dozen.

LARD—Tallow, 75¢; in pale, 8c.

PROVISIONS—Wholesale—Clear salt pork, 75¢; beef, 50¢; ham, 9@10c; fowl, 12c; veal, 10c; lamb, 75¢; mutton, 70¢; spring lambs, 10@13c; chickens, 15c; rollers, 20@25c.

POTATOES—50c per bushel. Native; new, 80c.

NEW CABBAGES—1½c per lb.

Beets—50c per bushel.

TURKEYS—40c per bushel.

NEW BEETS—60c doz. bunches.

GREEN PEAS—75¢@1\$1 per bushel.

STRAWBERRIES—Native, 6@8c.

UGUSTA HAY, GRAIN AND WOOL MARKET.

(Corrected July 6, for the Maine Farmer)

B. F. FARRETT & CO.

Wool market steady. Flour and grain unchanged. Sugar steady. Hides steady, and hay more plenty.

STRAW—Pressed, \$8@\$10; loose, \$7.50.

SHOOTS—90c per hundred. \$17.00, on lots; Mixed Feed, 90c.

WOOL—18c per lb.; spring lamb skins, 35c.

COTTON SEED MEAL—Bag lots, \$1.15; 2@22 ton lots.

WHEAT—GLUTEN MEAL—Ton lots, 20; bag lots, \$1.25; Buffalo, ton lots, 17; bag lots, \$1.15.

FLOUR—Full Winter patents, \$5@5; Spring patents, \$5@5.50; roller process, straight, 50c; low grade, \$4.50.

SUGAR—\$5 per hundred.

HAY—Loom, \$8@10; pressed \$10@12.

HIDES AND SKINS—Cow hides, 7½c; oxides, 7½c; bulls and stags, 6½c.

CEMENT—Lime \$1 per ton.

BRICK—Wood—Dry, \$5@5.50; green, 3.50@4.00.

GRAIN—Corn, 45c; meal, bag lots, 40c.

OATS—74c; bag lots, 6c.

BARLEY—55c. Rye, \$1.00. Seed barley, 75c.

"If the people of the State of Maine want lower insurance rates," says Insurance Commissioner S. W. Carr, "there must be methods taken to reduce the number of fires 'unaccounted for.' Our average now is altogether too large. Each year there are losses of from \$800,000 which the origin of fire remains undiscovered."

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, easy to take, easy to operate. 25¢

FRUIT NOTES.

Clean and thorough cultivation of the blackberry patch, beginning as soon as the ground can be worked, is the proper thing to bring about best results.

Juicy fruits give more or less of the juice nerve or brain food, and some new muscle food and waste; no heat.

Any good soil will grow raspberries; a moist, well drained clay loam, not too dry, is perhaps the best.

"A stitch in time" may save the raspberry patch.

THE BUTTER SITUATION.

The butter markets of the country are still in a condition specially favorable for the business. In the great markets of New York, Boston and Chicago no more butter has gone into the freezers than last year. Trade brisk and has taken an offering of extra creamy at a price two weeks past fully two cents a pound higher than last year for the same make. With no oversupply of butter at this time, and the flush of the season already passed, all indications are favorable for a healthy market the summer through.

"There is no rule of feeding that has led astray so considerable a number of our American experimenters and destroyed the practical value of their work, as the one declaring that animals eat best fed according to their size."

Every feeder who has given attention to his work and has done his own thinking knows that the feeding capacity of the animals in his charge is no more in proportion to their weight than is the production they render for it. A pig that makes pounds rapidly is a good eater whatever its size. A cow that

is in the front part of the stall is swept clean before feeding the grain and silage, which are put directly on the floor. The animal steps forward, putting its hind feet in front of the cross piece, and eats the grain or silage, and then lifting its head, is forced to step back over the cross piece in order to stand comfortably. The animal rarely voids while standing forward eating from the floor, but does so while standing back. When they are first put into the stalls they will sometimes lie down on the cross pieces, but they get up very quickly and seek more comfortable positions by stepping in front of the bar and lying there, where there is plenty of room and color.

Secretary Knowlton urged more attention to the decoration of school yards, cemeteries and church grounds, as an educational measure. G. M. Twitchell urged increased work along the same line, and spoke of the great changes one finds in driving about the country, the well-kept lawns and profusions of blossoms adding so much to the attractiveness of rural homes.

Professor Munson presented interesting facts regarding the cross-breeding of tomatoes and berries at the Experiment Station. At the evening session, Prof. Munson spoke at length upon "Some Useful Shrubs and Herbaceous Perennials," dealing chiefly with neglected shrubs common to the State of Maine:

"As Maine becomes a more and more popular resort for people from the cities, during the summer months, the importance of a systematic effort to ornament rural homes becomes apparent. During the past ten years much ornamental planting has been done about the grounds of the larger cities and towns, and in consequence the value of the places has been greatly increased. The pleasure that is given one's family should be incentive enough outside the financial part."

Our experience, thus far, with these stalls, is very satisfactory. The animals have much freedom, as they step back and forth the length of their halters, and are able to reach back and lap themselves, much to their satisfaction. They require but little carding and brushing to keep them clean, and while lying down they are safe from the injuries liable to be inflicted by their over-crowding mates."

Straining and setting the milk in small vessels causes a considerable waste of time, labor and fat.

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To get satisfactory results, shrubs and other flowering plants should have as good care as potatoes and corn. When once established, shrubs and perennial herbs require much less care than do annuals, but during the first year or so, careful attention will be required. The arrangement of the plants is always a difficult problem. The most objectionable

known; the honey bee has nothing to do with it. The only bee I have ever seen on the rose bush is the carpenter bee which cuts out pieces from the green leaf to make its cells. Some poets write of the bee gathering honey from the rose, but that only shows that

The Poets Do Not Know Everything about roses or bees, they only know that the roses are fragrant and beautiful, and that the bees gather honey from flowers. Had the poets said poppies instead of roses it would have been better, for when the poppies are in blossom the air is full of the music of the bees, and there is not room on the largest poppy for the multitude of bees that gather around it.

The columbine is a good plant there is such a variety of color, and every year they mix so one gets new varieties. The garden heliotrope is a sweet and pretty flower, and looks well in a nosegay with other flowers one may use. Be sure to have some lilies of the valley; they will grow well in some shady place where other plants will not blossom. The annual salpiglossis is a very beautiful flower, rich in coloring as a gladiola, and some of them look like orchids. For blue flowers, which color is rare, have myosotis or forget-me-not, and the varieties of larkspur, both perennial and annual. Every one can get from our florists a catalogue of seeds and of course most people know what annuals to plant; asters, marigolds, pansies, stock, candytuft, zinnias and a multitude of others too numerous to mention. To keep everything growing a good way is to have a barrel in some convenient place, put in a bushel of fresh cow manure, fill it with water, and use twice a week a weak solution of it. I will close by mentioning a few shrubs. The white lilac and Persian lilac, the large flowering syringa, the Japanese snowball and deutzia gracilis, should be in every large garden, also the weigela, pink and white, and the garden hydrangea; all these are hardy and very desirable. Also some varieties of lilies; the white day lily, the lemon lily, white garden lily and some of the Japanese lilies. A few vines are needed to complete the garden; of these the best are honeysuckles, some varieties of clematis, wisteria and akelia.

One thing more I want to say: cut your flowers freely; give them to the sick, especially the poor sick; send them to your friends and decorate your house with them. The more you pick them the more you will have.

Prof. Munson and L. J. Shepherd, both of the Maine Experiment Station, were the judges, and the following are the awards made:

Best quart of Industry gooseberries—D. H. Knowlton of Farmington.

Best quart of Smith's Improved gooseberries—J. C. Smith of Farmington.

Best exhibition of pantries—Miss Belle Waldo of Brewer, 1st; Miss Anna Eaton, Augusta, 2d.

Vase roses—Burt S. Young, Augusta, 1st; Mrs. George M. Twitchell, 2d; Mrs. Anna Eaton, 3d.

Collection roses—Burt S. Young, 1st; Mrs. B. Townsend, Freeport, 2d.

Flower plant—Mrs. B. T. Townsend, 1st.

Besides these prizes, there were special prizes and special mention given to the carnation pinks of Miss Lucy Chandler, the Freeport florist; the Maine Experiment Station for its display of flowers and vegetables; the vase of roses of Mrs. H. A. Hall of Brewer, and the strawberries of the Insane Hospital.

Strawberries—Frank W. Jewett of Hallowell, 1st; Sharpless—E. P. Churchill of Hallowell, 2d; F. W. Jewett, 3d.

Broccoli—E. P. Churchill, 1st.

Bubach—E. P. Churchill, 1st.

Crescent Seedling—E. P. Churchill, 1st.

Greenfield—S. Pope, Manchester, 1st;

Rob Roy Flour

The finest flour
that miller can make
from the finest
wheat that farmer
can raise:
produces the finest
bread that cook
can bake.

Sold in bags and barrels by grocers
and flour dealers everywhere.

WM. A. COOMBS,

Coldwater, Mich.

To Farmers
Who Wish
To Realize
Dollars.

Editor Maine Farmer: I now own nearly one thousand thoroughbred and grade Shropshire sheep which I wish to scatter all over the State of Maine, as I believe this breed is the best adapted to our wants.

They are of large size, far exceeding the Southdowns or Merinos, with heavy fleeces of good grade wool, and perfect shape for valuable mutton. As breeders they stand at the head, being sure lamb raisers. If bred when both male and female are fat and thriving, twin lambs are the sure result. As mothers, no breed of sheep supercede the Shropshire.

To enable farmers in the State of Maine to start flocks of full bloods, I wish to advertise through your valuable paper, "The old and reliable Maine Farmer," a novel way to enable those wishing to start full blood flocks of sheep, to do so with as little cost as possible. To give Maine farmers an idea, who will not call my price "Jew prices," I wish to state that Merrill & Libby purchased for me in Michigan a band of thoroughbred Recorded Shropshires, 150 in number, at \$12 per head; it cost fifty cents per head freight, to ship them to Waterville; 70 of this flock were bucks and buck lambs, two have died. During the winter I have raised 100 lambs from 80 ewes, all of which I have had recorded; the balance of the sheep are half bloods, well marked with black faces.

The thoroughbreds were sheared April 1st, and clipped 11 lbs. of choice wool.

I will sell in pairs, one buck and ewe to be shipped September 1st, in suitable crates, to any party ordering same on or before that date, sheep to be crated and shipped F. O. B., no sheep to be over five years old, with registry papers sent by mail with book of instructions for future registration, the following described sheep and lambs:

One best year old buck, with ewe, 150 lbs. each, price, \$30 a pair.

One best year old buck with ewe, 125 lbs. each, price, \$25 a pair.

One best year old buck or lamb with year old ewe or lamb, 100 lbs., \$20.

One half blood buck lamb, 1 half blood ewe lamb, 100 lbs., \$15 a pair.

One half blood buck lamb, 1 half blood ewe lamb, 90 lbs., \$12 per pair.

One half blood buck lamb, 1 half blood ewe lamb, 60 lbs., \$10 per pair.

The above sheep and lambs to be all of fine form and perfect.

Each crate of sheep to be accompanied by certificate of sworn weigher.

Correspondence solicited.

H. I. LIBBY

WATERVILLE, ME.

**Augusta Safe Deposit
AND TRUST CO.**

Opera House Block, Augusta, Me.

TRUSTEES.

J. MANCHESTER HAYNES, PRES.
W. H. GARNETT,
H. M. COLE,
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O. WILLIAMSON,
I. R. RANDALL,
H. R. RANDALL,
GEO. N. LAWRENCE,
F. E. SMITH.

Deposits Received Subject to Check and Interest PAID ON THE DAILY BALANCES.

In Savings Department interest paid QUARTERLY at the rate of 4 per cent per annum, deposited during THREE MONTHS or more. Interest computed from the 1st and 15th of each month.

All Deposits Subject to Check and Strictly Confidential.

High Grade Bonds and Investment Securities Bought and Sold.

Burglar & Fire-proof Safe Deposit Boxes:

F. E. SMITH, TRUST.

Ranking Hours 9 to 4 daily. 12:30 P.M. to 1:30 P.M.

Then Buy A Stove?
CLARION
A Hundred Reasons Why,
which we can't tell
you here.
...
Let us write you if your dealer
tries to sell you something else.
...
that is "Just as Good."
BISHOP CO. BANCON,
MAINE.

U. S. Cream Separators
of separation take the lead.
of design and ease of operation excel-
lently made and are superior in all
sizes. \$75.00 to \$625.00.
try sections.
for latest illustrated catalogues.
MACHINE CO., - Bellows Falls, Vt.

OUR MONEY!

ays discourteous, for while we
offer you "value received"
line of "Farm Implements,"
England. We want to mention
The

eed Drill and Wheel Hoe,
eed Drill, Hoe Cultivator, Rake

Harrow, with "Riding Attach-

o-horse Hay Tedders.

atalogue, and see for yourself

AND HAY FIELD.
Y, PORTLAND, ME.

TEAMBOAT CO.
OSTON !

SERVICE

A COLLINS will leave Augusta at 1:30 P.M.

ERSACADAHOC

Richmond 4:20, Bath and Poplum Beach
TURNING—Leave Lincoln's Wharf, Boston,
for landings on Kennebec river, arriving at
Boothbay and adjacent islands, and
R. E. Boston and Gardner \$1.75, round trip, \$3.00;
Boston and Gardner \$1.75, round trip, \$2.50;
JAS. B. DRAKE, PRES.

COMMENCED!

the World

BY F. M. HOWARD.

OUR INFLUENCE.

BY F. M. HOWARD.

A calm and holy quiet rests upon the

people in the country and many are

leaving their homes in the city to enjoy

this blessed bough of rest.

It is a time for thought, reflection and communion

with Him that created all the beauties

Nature. Artists visit the lovely vales

of Conway and make a feeble effort to

put upon canvas a semblance of the

beauty that surrounds them on all sides,

but I think they must sigh with a trans-

port of pain and regard their work as

inferior, and think that the inexplicable

feeling of art that absorbs their very

being can only be brought out and per-

fected in that other world.

Indeed artists, ministers, and many

others that come into the country to

spend their vacations, whose mind and

heart are in harmony with Nature, have

more of an influence upon people in gen-

eral. Aspiring souls occupying different

positions in life will be benefited by pure

and elevating conversation. All rest

and work would cause stagnation of

business. At these summer resorts

there is so much refinement and culture

that there must be a working class;

they are not necessarily slaves neither

nor are they branded like Cain, nor for

work is looked upon with contempt by the

ignorant it can make no difference to

the individual who has a purpose in view.

There are noble, whole-souled

people that number among the working

class. Often they prove desirable ac-

quaintances simply from the fact that by

their own efforts they have conquered

the obstacles that obstructed their path-

way. They were sympathetic because,

having passed through the different

situations of life and experienced like-

feelings, there was a better understand-

ing of human nature.

Home Department.

OPEN LETTERS FROM

Jennie E. Green and Mrs. Harry Hardy.

A Standard Sewing Machine or Gold Watch, made by the best manufacturers in America, complete and warranted in every respect. Write the Farmer for particulars. Given to any one obtaining a club.

ONE SOLDIER DEAD.

A fair young mother calmly read, while one hand rocked the cradle bed. Wherein her first-born slept away. The twilight of a summer day. She carelessly let the paper turned: "Till 'Lates' W. N." she discerned: "Our loss was small," dispatches said— "A skirmish, and one soldier dead." They trembled not to give his name, They're off to troops from which he came; For a, rejoicing in success. Only there is one private less? Only a soldier lying there, With blood upon his sunny hair. With no kind friend to raise his head Or treasure the last words he said.

And other thousands also said: "Only a private soldier dead." Without a passing thought that he might one of nature's be, Or that the words that line contained: Would wreck a life that yet remained: His mother waits for him in vain, For her, only child, is slain.

WASHING SUMMER GOODS.

It seems natural for women to admire the soft, delicate fabrics that are so suitable for summer wear. But the feeling of satisfaction with which she views the dainty garments when they are first made is very different from the feeling she entertains toward them after a few visits to the laundry. Careless washing will surely fade the colors, making them look old and ugly in a short time. People of moderate means can scarcely afford to send such garments to the professional cleaners, and the work may be nicely done at home, that it is not necessary.

If you wish to launder organdies, ditties, and fine printed muslins, heat soft water until it is a little warmer than milk; dissolve a little powdered soap in it, and enough good soap to make a suds. The borax softens the water and helps to clean the fabric without injuring the most delicate colors. Let the clothes soak ten minutes, then rub lightly until clean, using two suds if necessary. Rinse through two waters, having a little bluing in the second if the material has a clear white ground; then dip in a thin, boiled starch, rubbing it well into the fabric. Keep a bottle of strong borax solution in a convenient place in the laundry, and add a little of this to the starch when it is made. It will give the goods a very smooth, pretty finish when it is ironed, and keeps the iron from sticking. A little saffron tea added to the starch imparts a creamy tint, and coffee gives a pale ochre shade. Colored goods should be dried in the shade, as the sunshine on the wet goods is apt to fade it. When laundered in this way, the beauty of gingham, lawns, and percales will be preserved until the materials are worn out.—E. J. C.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The following, which appeared in a Detroit paper, is one of the most touching incidents to be met with:

"There is a family in this city who are dependent, at this moment, upon a little child for all the present sustenance of their lives. A few weeks ago the young wife was advised by one of my neighbors to write to you for a considerable amount, and when she presented it at the bank for payment the before mentioned cashier appeared at the window. He examined the check very carefully, and returning it to the lady said: 'It is the custom of this bank that strangers must be identified. You will require to get some reliable business man to identify you.' The young lady had to tramp around a quarter of a mile before she secured an identifier and received her money.—*The Saunterer.*

THE TENACITY OF LIFE.

"When little Jem was first brought here," said the head nurse of St. Mary's Hospital, "it was in a carriage with liveried servants. His father was a mill owner in Pennsylvania, and Jem was his only child.

"When the boy's knee became affected, the physicians advised his father to bring him here to be treated, on account of the skilled nurses and appliances. He had the largest room in the private ward.

"His parents brought the boy fruit, flowers, or books every day.

"Please take them to that cripple in the next room, and to the children in the free wards with my love—little Jem Bruce's love," he would say, raising himself in bed, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes.

"In two months he recovered and went away. But two years afterward Mrs. Bruce brought him back. She was dressed in black, and asked for a cheap room. Mr. Bruce was dead, and left his widow in moderate circumstances.

"Jem's knee was worse than ever. But what a cheery, happy fellow he was!

"He soon learned the story of all the patients in the neighboring rooms, as he had done before, and when his mother brought him a bunch of pickers or a basket of apples, would eagerly divide them and send them out with his love.

"Maybe they will make some one feel happier just for a minute," he would say, with his rare smile.

"His right leg was taken off at the knee."

"Then I lost sight of Jem for three or four years. Last winter he applied for admission to the free ward. His mother was dead. The disease had appeared in the other leg, some months before. Jem had been supporting himself by walking, but was now no longer able to walk.

"He met me as if I had been his old friend—indeed I was—and then hobnobbed around the wards to see if he knew any of the patients, stopping to laugh and joke and say some kind word at each bed.

"The doctors amputated his other leg that day. It was the only chance for his life. But in a week they knew that he had failed.

"Make the boy comfortable," the surgeon said to me. "It is all that can be done for him now."

"Jem knew the truth from the first. But he never lost courage. This was his bed"—pointing to the middle one of a long row of white cots in the great ward. "He learned to know all the men, and took the keenest interest in each case.

"When Johnny Royle died, Jem took off the few dollars remaining in his pocket, and gave them to me. 'They're for his children,' he whispered. 'They have nothing.' And when old Peter Short was discharged, cured, he came up to Jem's bed to say good-by, as if he had been his brother. Jem wrung his hand and said bravely, 'Take my overcoat, Peter; yours is gone, and—I'll never need mine again.' He waved his hand, and even cheered feebly as Peter bobbed away.

"He had nothing left to give now—I think that cut him sharply. But one day he began to sing. He had a remarkable voice, clear and tender; it would force the tears to your eyes. Every head in the ward was turned to listen. That delighted Jem. 'I can sing for them occasionally,' he said, 'if the doctors will allow it.'

"So, whenever it was possible, Jem's sweet voice would be heard, sometimes in a humorous song, sometimes in a hymn. I used to think he was standing at heaven's gate when he sang those hymns. But one morning his voice was gone, and before night every one in the ward knew that he was dying. The patients were silent, many of them crying, for they all loved the boy. He died at sundown, sitting up in the bed, leaning against my shoulder. He glanced around the ward, and then nodded and smiled.

"'Give them,' he whispered, then stopped, remembering, poor child, that he had nothing to give. Then he said suddenly, aloud, his eye brightening, 'Give them my love—Jem Bruce's love.'

"The Household.

TESTED RECIPES.

Strawberry Short Cake. One pint flour, with one teaspoonful cream tartar sifted in it, 1 egg, 2 even tablespoonsful sugar, butter, size of half an egg; beat butter, sugar and egg together, stir them into the flour and add 1 cup of milk with half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it; beat and add enough water to this to make a sort of thick salt paste, but not enough to dissolve the mineral. Every morning when I get up take this up in handfuls and rub it briskly over my body. Next, I jump into a tub of clear, cold water and take a thorough dousing, bat in a great hurry. This being done, I take a brisk rub down with a Turkish towel; the effect is delicious.

"I had nothing left to give now—I think that cut him sharply. But one day he began to sing. He had a remarkable voice, clear and tender; it would force the tears to your eyes. Every head in the ward was turned to listen. That delighted Jem. 'I can sing for them occasionally,' he said, 'if the doctors will allow it.'

"So, whenever it was possible, Jem's sweet voice would be heard, sometimes in a humorous song, sometimes in a hymn. I used to think he was standing at heaven's gate when he sang those hymns. But one morning his voice was gone, and before night every one in the ward knew that he was dying. The patients were silent, many of them crying, for they all loved the boy. He died at sundown, sitting up in the bed, leaning against my shoulder. He glanced around the ward, and then nodded and smiled.

"'Give them,' he whispered, then stopped, remembering, poor child, that he had nothing to give. Then he said suddenly, aloud, his eye brightening, 'Give them my love—Jem Bruce's love.'

"The Household.

AMONG CERTAIN ORTHODOX JEWS every woman looks to the possibility of her being the mother of that redeemer who has been promised to her race, and governs her life in accordance. Perhaps if among the possibility of our children being built of such heroic stuff as that of Hobson and his fellow-volunteers were made often in the mother's heart, we would hear less of the tired ones, the impatient, the bowed, the rebellious, or even the ignorant.

"HARPER'S BAZAAR.

THE MAINE FARMER: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper. July 14, 1898.

Young Folks.

A Jackknife, Camera, Gold Watch, or Bicycle, to every boy and girl reading the Farmer who will secure a club. Write the office at once for particulars.

A BOY'S SOLILOQUY.

I wonder now if any one In this broad land has heard I favor of down-trodden boys One solitary word?

"Of 'woman's rights,'

"Or 'rights of working men,'

"Or 'equal rights,' and 'nation's rights,'

"But pray just tell me when Boys' rights were ever spoken of?

"Why, we've become so used To being snubbed by everyone, And being called a 'polite' to us We open wide our eyes!

"And stretch them in astonishment To nearly twice their size!

Boys seldom dare to ask their friends To venture in the house;

"It don't come natural at all.

"To creep round like a mouse,

"And let the house mice eat,

"No wonder that so many boys

"Such wicked men become:

"Two better far to let them have Their noise and fun at home.

Perhaps that's the reason why

"Some of these 'dear boys'

"Are so bad and so bad."

"And let the boys run wild,

"And let the boys be men;

"And when it does, I rather think Wrong will be righted then.

LITTLE JEM.

"When little Jem was first brought here," said the head nurse of St. Mary's Hospital, "it was in a carriage with liveried servants. His father was a mill owner in Pennsylvania, and Jem was his only child.

"When the boy's knee became affected, the physicians advised his father to bring him here to be treated, on account of the skilled nurses and appliances. He had the largest room in the private ward.

"His parents brought the boy fruit, flowers, or books every day.

"Please take them to that cripple in the next room, and to the children in the free wards with my love—little Jem Bruce's love," he would say, raising himself in bed, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes.

"In two months he recovered and went away. But two years afterward Mrs. Bruce brought him back. She was dressed in black, and asked for a cheap room

Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

\$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

Published every Thursday, by

The Maine Farmer Publishing Co.,

AUGUSTA, MAINE.

JOSEPH H. MANLEY, Director.

OSCAR HOLWAY, Director.

JAMES S. SANBORN, Director.

GEORGE M. TWITCHELL, Director.

JOSEPH H. MANLEY, President.

GEORGE M. TWITCHELL, Editor and Manager.

THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1898.

ONLY AGRICULTURAL NEWSPAPER IN MAINE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

For one inch space, \$2.50 for four insertions and sixty cents for each subsequent insertion. Classified ads. one cent a word, each insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.

Mr. E. S. GRISWOLD, our Agent, is now calling upon our subscribers in Knox and Lincoln counties.

Mr. T. B. REED is now calling upon our subscribers in Washington county.

Mr. J. W. POTTER is now calling upon our subscribers in Washington county.

10,000 Weekly Circulation Guaranteed.

THE LIVE AGRICULTURAL NEWSPAPER OF THE EAST.

The Maine Farmer one year and either of the following desirable premiums for only one year's subscription—

\$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

The New York Tribune.

One year's subscription, 52 numbers.

Atlas of the World.

Sixteen pages, printed in colors and bound; size 14x21 inches.

Mrs. Lincoln's New England Cook Book.

200 pages. (Selling price 50c.)

Butter Mold.

Bradbury's Creamery, 4-print. (Selling price 85c.)

Egg Case.

Six dozen capacity. (Selling price \$1.00.)

Cyclopedia of Useful Knowledge.

One set, 5 volumes, 1286 pages.

Pen-Knife.

Sterling silver handle, two blades. A very dainty and correct article.

Jack-Knife.

Two blades, strongly made. Size handy for use and convenient to carry in the pocket.

Kentucky Spring Water Hook Bolt.

No more unbinding of the check rein. A great invention.

\$2.00 IN ADVANCE.

Map of the World and the United States.

This is a Rand, McNally & Co.'s absolutely correct, up-to-date, 1898 edition of wall map size, 5½x4 feet, printed in colors, the world on one side and the United States on the reverse side. (Selling price for map alone \$2.50.)

New York World, Tri-Weekly.

104 numbers of this metropolitan publication for only 50¢ above the regular price of the *Farmer* one year in advance.

Sample Copy sent on application.

Try the *Maine Farmer* for one month.

Northern Franklin county reports a light frost, Monday morning, but no damage done.

The world is gaining rapid insight into the qualities of American citizenship and the result will be more of reverence for the flag and the Nation.

It will be a wonderful story which the future historian of America will tell of two great naval engagements in which two fleets of the enemy were entirely destroyed, while the Americans lost only one man and not a single vessel.

Telephone, telegraph and express companies, which have paid enormous dividends, cannot throw the one-cent-package tax on to the shipper without inviting opposition which will seriously restrict privileges in future years.

Never was a bay crop secured in Maine in better condition than thus far this year. Quantity and quality will be found stowed away on the mows of farmers' barns, who have improved their pastures.

If the politicians had been as anxious to provide avenues for increasing business as to promote the friend of every State and congressional official to a higher office and larger salary the President would not be hampered as he is to-day.

Spain lost at Manila vessels worth \$5,000,000. At Santiago she lost vessels worth \$15,000,000. The fleet under Admiral Camara has gone home, because it really consists of only two war vessels, the *Felipe* and the *Carlos V.*, and therefore could not cope with Admiral Dewey after the arrival of American reinforcements.

The summer resort bureaus, general ticket offices and inquiry offices at central stations are sending daily for copies of the *Maine Farmer* Summer Home Album, declaring it "the best and only advertisement of rural places in Maine to be obtained." May it be the means of bringing many to these comfortable homes.

The annexation of Hawaii is a settled fact, the vote of the Senate standing 42 to 21. President McKinley at once signed the act, and a Maine man, Hon. Harold Sewall, will hoist the stars and stripes over the new territory on the arrival of the commission, sent by the President, to complete the details with President Dole.

Something too often forgotten, but to be remembered as we clamor for war, is that pay follows close on the heels of spending, and a long-term, low-rate bond is only a makeshift. The present generation will not see the debt of this war wiped out if a settlement is made with Spain upon a territorial basis. Patriotism is all right, but it is likely to be responsible for injury.

POLITICS IN MAINE.

The fact has already been noted that there is promise of a larger per cent. of agricultural workers in the next legislature of Maine than for many years. Because of this there is no cause for fear, and if the power be rightly used great good will follow in all our rural sections. At no time in our State history has there been a demand for wiser or more conservative legislation than to-day. It is always easy to criticize, to say what should be or might have been, but this is not our purpose. Evils creep gradually because of the inactivity of individual voters and the first step should be to remedy this condition. It is at the root of all others and is as wide-spread as the boundaries of the State. With low prices, sharp competition, small margins and complications in producing, there is the greater necessity for economy on the part of all classes, and the watch dogs of the treasury must be alive to protect the individual tax payer. The burdens of government fall on exposed property. Personal property is extremely volatile, and escapes. Wrong as this is the fact is to be admitted and no man should be so zealous to guard his interests as he whose holdings go yearly upon the assessors' books. State expenses are increasing, departments being added, machinery multiplied, and salaries not reduced. If all this is wise and necessary, it calls for loyal support. No man should go to his seat in the State House to condemn us to investigate. A wise expenditure is as necessary as rigid economy.

The present farcical position of the State upon the temperance question and intense feeling of opposition against assuming that personal responsibility which alone can insure a just enforcement of the laws upon the statute books, should secure the repeal of the more obnoxious measures, those which render futile the enforcement of the general law. There is need of a critical weeding out of measures upon which the public has set the seal of condemnation, else wise laws will always be rendered inoperative.

Most of Gen. Randolph's guns will be located upon the heights in the center of Gen. Lawton's new position, where they command the road. Gen. Miles is now on the spot, and in full command, thus removing danger of loss by reason of the strained relations between different officials. Red tape and etiquette have cost us dollars and lives already, and the fine distinctions between ranking officers have caused needless delays. What the people are anxious for are results, not for honors, shoulder straps or prize money.

The value of an advertisement in the *Maine Farmer* has never been so freely recognized as during the present season. It is not wholly pleasant for a publisher to receive orders to discontinue an ad., but when the assurance is given that, through an ad. in the *Farmer*, every machine is sold and orders are beyond power to fill, there is the satisfaction following full service rendered. The *Maine Farmer* is the advertising medium which pays.

No record of heroism will stand out more boldly than that shown by Hobson and his men, lying flat on the deck of the Merrimac as she was sinking; never moving, as the storm of shells from the forts swept over them, —remaining on deck until the catamaran floated, braving every danger with the utmost steadiness and deliberation. Hobson was not worried when shells were flying around his person. Not he! He looked out and watched as it he would have done any scene or panoramic effect.

It is utterly useless now to oppose the enlargement of territory. The day has gone, the territory is acquired, and the only thing now remaining is to preserve our republican ideals—our present conception of a free government. It is not the establishment of peace and order, of personal and political freedom, of equal suffrage and representative government in the Western or the Eastern Indies that will harm us, if only we are true to our principle of home rule, and allow the inhabitants of these outlying regions to govern themselves free from molestation by the military despots of continental Europe.

If one asks for the cause of the decadence of Spain it may be summed up in the one word "ignorance." Illiteracy is the dry rot that has for centuries been eating out the enterprise, the capacity and the unity of the Spanish people. Bull fights have claimed the affection of the populace as the coarse and brutal always do when the benign influence of mental culture is lost. The school houses of America have made this country capable of great things because the minds of the pupils have been trained by constant use to grasp great problems. Here in New England, the little red school house is our chief bulwark of defence to-day, as it has been our glory in all the past.

It is a pleasure to find one man, Principal Gordy of Hartford, urging upon the National Educational Ass'n at its great meeting in Washington the teaching of U. S. history in elementary schools. There is nothing that helps the young mind develop better or fits a growing pupil for later study and for any kind of life, business or professional, than an early beginning upon the history of his own country. It is a comparatively short time since they began to teach U. S. history in anything but the high schools but there has been a great advance since. Even more time could be devoted to it to-day, instead of pretending to start boys and girls of eight on Latin.

People who have subscribed for the loans are already wondering when they will get their bonds, and are asking when the interest on them will begin. These questions may be answered in a word. About Aug. 1, the last of them will be gone, probably. Interest on subscriptions begins on the date when the money is received by the treasury. A check or draft is not money, but merely an order for cash. However, as quickly as it is collected by Uncle Sam the interest begins. On or about the first day of August every subscriber will receive a check for the interest due him up to Aug. 1, even if it be only a few cents. From that time on, of course, the interest will be paid quarterly by treasury check.

Under the revenue laws just passed the Government becomes a party to one of the grossest frauds which could be imagined, that of licensing adulterated breadstuffs. Twelve dollars per annum is a small sum for a corporation which is mixing unwholesome and injurious articles with the flour for daily use in the family. That there may be doubt as to what is meant by "mixed flour" the act specifies that "Mixed flour" shall be understood to mean the food product made from wheat mixed or blended, in whole or in part, with any other grain or any other material, or the manufactured product of any other grain or other material, than wheat." Here

we have what in effect is an authorization by the Government of the adulteration and counterfeiting of a food product; for to lay a tax upon adulterated flour is to recognize the legitimacy of the manufacture and sale of the same, and it is impossible for the Government to receive a revenue from an adulterated article, officially proclaimed to be such, without being a party to the deception and morally responsible for injury.

THE SPANISH ADMIRAL AT PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

SANTIAGO BOMBARDED.

The destruction of Cervera's fleet was followed by the demand for a complete

surrender of the Spanish forces at Santiago. An armistice was asked for and granted, allowing time to confer with the Government at Madrid. Finally the surrender of Santiago was offered by the Spanish commander, Gen. Toral, but the conditions attached caused a prompt refusal of the offer by Gen. Shafter.

The negotiations, however, resulted in the extension of the armistice, until

noon, Sunday. Failing to bring to terms, the bombardment commenced at four

o'clock that afternoon, and continued two hours, being resumed again on Monday, since which time negotiations for surrender have been pending. The attempt to shell the city from the warships outside the harbor proved futile, only a few shells

doing damage. Reports of the escape of the Spanish troops from Santiago have been current, but the latest, Wednesday, news is, that in reply to the second de-

mand for an unconditional surrender, Gen. Toral referred to his refusal to accede to the American demand made, Sunday, and again reiterated his determination to resist.

Notwithstanding this, the American batteries did not open fire Tuesday morning, as it had been impossible to get all of Gen. Randolph's batteries in position. Torrents of rain fell, last night, drowning out the boys in the trenches and making the road also impassable. This may delay the batteries and siege guns.

The volunteers who are being hurried on to the front, are being located along the right center, in the positions which have been occupied by Gen. Lawton's division, while the latter has moved forward, extending our front until it touches the road at Caimes, over which Gen. Toral would have to retreat if he should now be foolhardy enough to make the attempt.

The Cubans, under Gen. Garcia, took Caimes without opposition, Monday night, and have entrenched on either side of the road. The Americans are now in position to strike the enemy on the left flank and roll it up, making the Spanish entrenchments north of the city untenable. Gen. Toral, realizing the weakness of this flank, has been busy during the true in doubling the entrenchments and fixing his guns in the direction from which he is threatened.

Most of Gen. Randolph's guns will be located upon the heights in the center of Gen. Lawton's new position, where they command the road. Gen. Miles is now on the spot, and in full command, thus removing danger of loss by reason of the strained relations between different officials. Red tape and etiquette have cost us dollars and lives already, and the fine distinctions between ranking officers have caused needless delays. What the people are anxious for are results, not for honors, shoulder straps or prize money.

The event of the week has been the exchange of Hobson and his men, watching the Cuban forces at Santiago, without opposition, Monday night, and have entrenched on either side of the road. The Americans are now in position to strike the enemy on the left flank and roll it up, making the Spanish entrenchments north of the city untenable. Gen. Toral, realizing the weakness of this flank, has been busy during the true in doubling the entrenchments and fixing his guns in the direction from which he is threatened.

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City News.

A large party from Augusta started Monday, on the Maine sportmen's excursion to Kineo.

—Work on State street has commenced and a thorough job of macadamizing will be done.

—Augusta is fast being deserted and the summer houses on lake and seashore are filling rapidly.

—After a lingering illness, Mrs. Clara Patten, wife of Mr. Richard E. Goodwin of this city, died, Friday, July 8.

—The citizens of Augusta are pleased to welcome their fellow townsmen, Hon. E. C. Burleigh, and family, back for the congressional vacation.

—Hon. F. J. C. Little is the candidate for referee under the new Bankrupt law, and his friends are in earnest for his appointment.

—Read the announcement of increased service by the Kennebec Steamship line and from Boston. Daily boats are a great convenience.

—Augusta newspapers were not represented on the press excursion to Halifax, the printers being obliged to cling to their desks. No vacations this year for publishers.

—Through a failure of the electric alarm system, the city had no warning of the burning of Packard's photographic gallery, on the east side, Tuesday morning.

—The argument of Hon. J. W. Bradbury, before the State assessors, against what he considered an excessive valuation of wild land, was pronounced one of the clearest and strongest made by any pleader before the body.

—If the illustrations in the bulletin just issued by the Board of Agriculture were taken from life, they might be a credit to the breeders, but surely not to the artist or the State printers. This feature might well have been omitted.

—The passage of the National Bankrupt law will remove a very large share of business from the probate courts and materially reduce the salaries of the judges and registers of probate. This will not be cheering news to Judge Stevens or Register Newcomb.

—With the permanent improvements being made on State street the citizens of Augusta should see to it that the electric track is moved to the center of the street allowing greater freedom from accidents by providing a driveway on either side.

—Beginning next Monday the A. H. & G. Street Railway Co. will change their running time, reducing same fifteen minutes, leaving Gardines and Augusta on the even hour and half hour and Hallownell at a quarter before and quarter after the hour. This change will be ap preciated.

County News.

—Surveying for the Fairfield and Bangor Falls electric road has begun. The work will be rapidly pushed.

—Warren McCroryson, of China, was at Cross Hill place, Wednesday, buying wool. The price paid was 20 cents.

—Two more cases of diphtheria are reported at North Monmouth, both of malignant type. Every possible precaution against an epidemic is being taken.

—Joseph Johnson's house, South Gardner, was burned to the ground, Monday, the fire having caught from the chimney. Much of the furniture and the barn were saved. Unhoused.

—Wide awake Kennebec farmers are already marketing their early potatoes. Mr. Charles Hammond, Sidney, brought in several bushels of very fine ones, Saturday, which found a ready sale.

—Rev. Robert R. Morson of Freedon, has accepted a call to the Winthrop Congregational church, and a council will be held to examine and install him to-day, Rev. J. S. Williamson preaching the sermon.

—Lieutenant Winthrop S. Wood, adjutant of the Ninth U. S. cavalry, who was wounded in the recent battle near San Jacinto, was second son of Colonel M. Clay Wood, U. S. A., retired, and passed another part of his boyhood in Winthrop.

—Mr. A. J. Packard met with a serious accident at the pulp mill, South Gardner, Saturday afternoon. He is employed at the mill as filer, and when the men returned from dinner, he was found unconscious, lying upon his face, his head and face cut and bruised in a shocking manner. The cause of his accident is a great mystery to his associates in the mill, which can be explained only by himself, when he shall regain consciousness.

POLITICAL.

—The democratic nominee for Congress from the first district will not be a citizen of Maine until the day of the state election; hence his name cannot go upon the ballots.

—The democratic party, with Mayor Willard S. Saco as their standard bearer, and the Chicago platform of '96 as their declaration of purposes proposes an aggressive campaign and serious inroads on the representation at the State House during the next legislature.

—At the Republican caucus, Bangor, Hon. F. O. Beal, Isakah K. Stetson and Frederick H. Parkhurst were nominated candidates for representatives to the coming legislature.

—Alpheus Craig of Island Falls has been nominated for representative to the legislature by the republicans of the Island Falls district.

Spanish Prisoners at Kittery.

The auxiliary cruiser St. Louis, with 40 Spanish prisoners, including 54 officers, arrived in Portsmouth harbor, N. H., Sunday morning. The big liner left Guantanamo at 6 o'clock, Tuesday afternoon, July 5, and did not make a stop until she arrived at Portsmouth. Including the prisoners, there were 1030 people on board the boat on her journey north, and out of this number 91 are sick and wounded Spaniards under the care of surgeons. Admiral Cervera is confined to his cabin, having been quite ill for the past three days, although he was able to dress Sunday morning.

Capt. Eulate, who was commander of the ill-fated Vizcaya, and is among the prisoners, is also quite ill, having been wounded in the head during the battle of Santiago.

Your friends may smile
But that tired feeling
Means danger. It

Indicates impoverished
And impure blood.

This condition may
Lead to serious illness.

It should be promptly
Overcome by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla,
Which purifies and

Enriches the blood,
Strengthens the nerves,

Tones the stomach,
Creates an appetite,

And builds up,
Energizes and vitalizes

The whole system.
Be sure to get

Only Hood's.

State News.

The loss, by fire, of the woolen mill at Corinna will be a serious blow to that enterprising town.

The large farm buildings on the Murdock farm, Garland, were destroyed by fire Sunday.

The hotels of Dexter are open and 127 business men are on the petition begging the proprietors to come back and sell liquor if they want to. Who says the people of Maine want the law enforced?

Major Augustus W. Corliss, who was wounded at Santiago, was a Yarmouth boy, son of the late Major W. C. Corliss family. He is remembered in Yarmouth as a fine scholar and close student.

The woolen mill of the Old Town Woollen Co., which has been shut down for the last few weeks, waiting for orders, started again, Monday, with a full crew, but only on four days a week time.

Silas L. Adams of West Gray, who died Sunday, at the age of 56 years, was the proprietor of the Mountain View Farm and had held prominent offices in town. He leaves a widow and two sons.

Among the men wounded in the battle before Santiago, is Roy L. Fernald of Winslow, a member of the class of '96, U. S. M. His regiment was the thickest of the fight of July 1 and 2.

The village primary school closed July 2, and the following pupils were not absent one half day: Edith Frost, Hazel Jackson, Lottie Thompson, Markie Thompson, Orr Pendleton, Edmund Webb, Lynne Stevens.

Mrs. John B. Brown, Portland, has maintained a free bed in the Maine General Hospital for many years. She has now crowned her charity by giving that institution five thousand dollars to endow the bed in perpetuity.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Loveloy, Rockland, received their 60th anniversary gift in cash in most enjoyable manner, July 4, at their home at the West Meadow. Children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, numbering 17 in all, were present, and a more pleasant gathering is seldom seen.

The many friends and admirers of Rev. M. B. Townsend, Dover, were surprised to learn of his intention to go to the West Indies. This change is taken by Mr. Townsend by reason of his failing health, and it is hoped that the Pacific coast may prove beneficial. His resignation will take effect Aug. 1st, and on Sunday, Aug. 14, he will preach his first sermon in San Diego, California.

James Fairbrother, St. Albans, is the owner of a good, large pair of Holstein oxen, and a pair of 2-year-old steers, also some good cows and heifers, 5 horses, among which are two Albrino colts, one a 2-year-old, coal black stallion of excellent make-up, whom he has named Bryan.

The other is a sucker of great promise which he has named Fife, Hugh Lee.

The dam of these colts is a Winthrop Morrill mare. He also keeps a flock of Oxford Down sheep. Mr. Peakes' farm contains 175 acres which are under good state of cultivation.

Mr. N. H. Burrill, Canaan, is situated in one of the best farming sections in the town; his farm is highly cultivated.

He has a good and convenient barn built in 1891, does general farming work. He keeps the Durham cows and has lately bought of Waugh Bros., Stark, a 2-year-old, full blooded Durham bull, which is very handsome in every particular, also has 8 young heifers growing up. He uses a separator and makes his own butter which he ships. He keeps 3 horses and a good flock of sheep. Mr. Burrill is a business farmer.

JAMES FAIRBROTHER, St. Albans, has a Plymouth Rock hen that lays many very large eggs. One recently laid measured 6 1/2 inches in circumference and 8 inches around its lengthwise. Mr. Fairbrother's P. O. address is Hartland.

We called a few days ago on Mr. C. E. Hanson, the noted stock dealer of Ripley, and found him as usual a very busy man. He was in the midst of having, already housed 75 tons of hay July 10th, and had 25 tons more to cut. Mr. Hanson has a 500 acre farm, a part of which is heavily timbered; has just had 350 cords of pulp wood. He does general farming, and his bees are beat in good demand and farmers should raise more stock; says raise the good calves not sell them because they bring a good price, they will pay a better profit to keep them. This advice is from a man that will buy all of the good stock for sale only let him know about it. Mr. Hanson is connected with Mr. Thompson of Hartland, the veteran stock dealer. The firm name is Thompson, Hanson & Co. They had on hand to ship the 10th, 30 cows and 50 calves. They ship every week to Brighton, Mass., and also furnish the local trade. They also shipped last week, 15,000 pounds of wool. With Mr. Hanson's farming operations, and stock business, is it any wonder I called him a very busy man?

A trial probably unprecedented in the annals of this country, that of a member of the United States Senate on a criminal charge, is that of Richard Rollin Kenney of Dover, junior U. S. senator from Delaware, indicted upon a charge of aiding and abetting Wm. Boggs, who has confessed to robbing the First National Bank of Dover, of \$10,000. The indictment is for the use of the sum of \$107,000. The counts in the indictment to which Senator Kenney has pleaded not guilty, charge him with aiding and abetting Boggs to the extent of about \$3500.

In spite of the fact that public opinion at Madrid is divided, it is inclining rapidly in favor of peace, the people becoming more convinced every day of the impossibility of withstanding the power of the United States. The police party in the cabinet is urging immediate negotiations, looking to peace. Senado Gómez, president of the public institutions, threatens to resign if the war party outways his influence. The war party, however, urges a continuation of the struggle, "to convince America that it is difficult to obtain a prompt triumph for her army, and thus secure for Spain better terms."

Nearly all the miners who have arrived at San Francisco, from the Klondike, state that they left the country owing to ill health. W. F. Pinkham, a mining engineer of Boston, who was sent up to the Klondike behalf of the Eastern syndicate, is confined to his room by a frost-bitten foot. The miners speak very bitterly of the way a few capitalists in Dawson attempted to corner the provision market and charge him twice the price for flour, beans, etc., but their scheme failed, as miners with more provisions than they needed sold their superfluous stock to old residents at cost. The price of flour has now fallen from \$7 to 58 cents.

While tearing down the old frame buildings which are being removed from the corner of State and Main streets, Ellsworth, to make way for the new bank building, Irving Scammons, a laborer, found a roll of greenbacks amounting to \$785, snugly tucked away between the ceiling of the store, and the floor of an upper room. This fat fellow, who has found no one to dispose his fortune to the man who found it was

Friday Miss Clara Mosher, a servant girl in the employ of C. M. Moses of Saco, lost a finger in an attempt to stop a dog fight, in front of Mr. Moses' cottage at Old Orchard. Miss Mosher went out with a bottle of ammonia and sprinkled the antagonists liberally, but could not induce them to loosen their grip. A length of wire took hold of Mr. Moses' dog by the collar, and, as the other canine, suddenly letting go of his opponent's neck bit off her little finger.

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By the sinking of a small sailboat in Portland harbor, Saturday afternoon, five young men lost their lives and two others escaped drowning. The five who were drowned were: Edward Vayo, pressman, aged 17 years; Charles W. Smith, 19; John C. Smith, 19; William O'Donnell, bookbinder, 20 years; William Mitchell, clerk, 16 years; James A. Moaley, of Barre, Vt., 23 years. The two who were rescued were Jeremiah E. Foster and Herbert Percival. All but McAuley were employees of the Lakeside Press.

Yarmouth has an opportunity to secure a manufacturing business, which is capable of extensive developments. The Taber and Moore Company of Boston have had a good opportunity to establish a plant in the great New England city. They have the services of the world's best chemists and engineers.

—Wide awake Kennebec farmers are already marketing their early potatoes. Mr. Charles Hammond, Sidney, brought in several bushels of very fine ones, Saturday, which found a ready sale.

—Rev. Robert R. Morson of Freedon, has accepted a call to the Winthrop Congregational church, and a council will be held to examine and install him to-day, Rev. J. S. Williamson preaching the sermon.

—Lieutenant Winthrop S. Wood, adjutant of the Ninth U. S. cavalry, who was wounded in the recent battle near San Jacinto, was second son of Colonel M. Clay Wood, U. S. A., retired, and passed another part of his boyhood in Winthrop.

—Mr. A. J. Packard met with a serious accident at the pulp mill, South Gardner, Saturday afternoon. He is employed at the mill as filer, and when the men returned from dinner, he was found unconscious, lying upon his face, his head and face cut and bruised in a shocking manner. The cause of his accident is a great mystery to his associates in the mill, which can be explained only by himself, when he shall regain consciousness.

—Surveying for the Fairfield and Bangor Falls electric road has begun. The work will be rapidly pushed.

—Warren McCroryson, of China, was at Cross Hill place, Wednesday, buying wool. The price paid was 20 cents.

—Two more cases of diphtheria are reported at North Monmouth, both of malignant type. Every possible precaution against an epidemic is being taken.

—Joseph Johnson's house, South Gardner, was burned to the ground, Monday, the fire having caught from the chimney. Much of the furniture and the barn were saved. Unhoused.

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THE MAINE FARMER: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper. July 14, 1898.

turn in at 9, so are deprived of the best part of the 24 hours.

The boys are remarkably healthy and new recruits are arriving every day.

It is quite amusing to listen to the many rumors that are rife. All the boys are ready to pull up stakes at any suggestion, go to Cuba or Philippines at a moment's notice.

Corporal P. — is the only comparative one. He retains his characteristic master-of-fact way and talks little but will be found ready when the call comes.

One hears the rash expression many times a day that "I would like a drink of Maine spring water." Some of the boys are getting boxes from home with mother's goodness. It is needless to mention that they go.

The boys are cultivating quite a pugilistic feeling among themselves, doubtless stimulated by our diet of bacon. I have seen them line up for their rations when if they could have been turned loose then in Cuba it would have been good by Spaniards.

For one, who would like to see a nice field of grain. One can't find any for miles here; even the foliage looks dry and thirsty, longing for a refreshing bath.

Yours respectfully,

PRIVATE.

BREEZY NOTES BY THE WAY.

Mr. Geo. R. Wing, P. O. address, Ripley, is the owner of a fine, full blooded 2-year-old Jersey bull, the best bull so-called in this vicinity. He has some good Jersey cows and is raising some excellent young stock, has two pairs 2-year-old steers and 5 yearling heifers.

The department had already arranged with the Merritt-Chapman Wrecking Company to undertake the salvage of those vessels and two of the vessels of that company are now on their way.

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(CONTINUED.)

Bridget had unquestionably outraged about the heavy, stuporlike sleep of her mistress. When Mary came evening for the glass of fresh spring water which Mrs. Barry always had at her bedside, as well as to renew the water in which her medicines were dissolved, Bridget, as she well remembered, had the pitcher ready. It was easy for the latter to have slipped in one of the glasses a tablet or two of colorless morphine. Its faintly bitter taste was neutralized by that of the medicine itself, but that could not destroy the effect. Indeed, among the unconsumed effects at the bottom of one of Bridget's satchels was found a little vial containing some half a dozen cubelike tablets which Dr. Pease promptly declared to be morphine.

Mrs. Standard had still more to tell. Captain Gregg had gone to Kansas City to see some presumably stolen property that had been captured there by the posse.

 "Mayn't I know what he had to say to my Nathalie?" asked Mrs. Barry, her tones full of fond interest, her fragile white hand placed caressingly on the bony head.

For answer the girl took the hand in both her own and buried her face upon it. It was some little time before she could trust herself to speak, but first she made her friend take an easy chair while she herself once more knelt in the old confiding way, buried her head in Mrs. Barry's lap and then placed in her hand the little letter with the well known Cheyenne postmark.

"Am I to read it, Nathalie?" was the question.

"Yes."

Slowly Mrs. Barry opened the carefully written pages. Every word and line seemed eloquent of the pain and difficulty with which it was penned, but there was no halting, no stumbling, no hesitating, in what he had to say. A more outspoken, manly, straightforward answer Mrs. Barry had never read:

MY DEAR MISS BAIRD—I thank you for all you say in your letter. It was a sad disappointment to me that I could not see you and your son, but I have not been able to see even now I might not have been able to come even if you had come to see me.

Nor could I have said, perhaps what I must now—that I love you with all my heart and soul, but I have not been able to say that I hope very soon you will be mine with me.

Nathalie, in these precious lines you write me you speak of honor and gratitude and tell me you will always pray for my happiness. I have done my best to make you happy.

But you are right, my dear friend, in your words, thought poor Maynard as the train swiftly bore him eastward, with what love and pride would be not well come him now, his only boy.

But hours before the still swifter trains of the eastern railways whirled him along past Erie's wave and the mirrormirrored reaches of the familiar old canal the father's ears were deaf to all earthly music, and Graco was weeping over the wasted hand still clasped in her. Together, side by side, as chief mourners, walked the brother and sis-

tered, yet that grieved him sorely.

"Come at once. Failing fast," were the brief words of his sister's dispatch, and Atherton kindly laid his hand upon the young officer's shoulder.

"I hate to think of this sorrow coming to you after all you've been through Maynard," he said, "and I would say I hope you may find your father better but that I fear more than I can hope.

At least he had lived to know how worthily you have borne the name and how proud we all are of you."

Ah, if the father could but hear those words, thought poor Maynard as the train swiftly bore him eastward, with what love and pride would be not well come him now, his only boy.

"But I wish you'd stay and have a bite with me," urged Miss Hadley. "I'm going to make an oyster stew, and I have some cream puffs and oranges in the oven."

"Oh, I can't trust Lizzie to get supper, and the girls will need help in dressing for the party, and pa is going to the watch-meeting," sighed Mrs. Mason.

She was one of those tired women who sigh automatically. She looked longingly around the inviting room, with its blooming plants in the window. The sewing machine had been pushed back, and the small table, with a new magazine and the latest copy of "The Common Sense Medical Adviser," cloth bound 31 stamps. Ad. Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

But there was a part of the long, long letter Mrs. Barry did read,

and was believed to be part of the Fort Russell plunder, and from there he telegraphed that the first thing shown him was Mrs. Freeman's watch, injured. Mrs. Gregg's was found at another pawnshop, but the rings, pins and other costly gimcracks were still missing. Dungan's place in town had been ransacked, but to no purpose. The silver had probably been broken up before this. Mr. Cook had come to talk with her major about the business. Cook believed those two close-mouthed partners whom he had arrested were members of some gang of professionals who had been compelled to leave their favorite fields of operation in the distant east and were merely keeping their hand in here on the far frontier. Their only hold on Bridget was through her putative cousin, Mike, a bad character at best, though not a "cracksmen." Her letters from good families in St. Louis, which she had so confidently exhibited to Mrs. Barry in response to the advertisement for a cook, proved to be forgeries, but also pointed to the probability of her being familiar with names, localities, etc., in that city. So what was where the police were now working. Meanwhile Bridget, Mike and the silent pair brought back from the borderland of Missouri were languishing behind bars. Further proof was needed.

But nothing yet had been seen or heard of Boston. If they could a big chance of learning who the others were. They were doubtless wanted in more places than one, and a goodly reward might possibly be paid. Mrs. Barry did not show this part of the letter to Nathalie, nor did she read it. The girl shrank at any mention of the fellow, and yet had assured her friend that she had no idea whatever whether he had fled or where he was now in hiding, and that was enough for Mrs. Barry.

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"Mr. Maynard improves rapidly now and picks up every day. The doctors say his eyesight will be restored all right and that he will soon be quite well again, but he was badly and painfully burned for all that and has suffered as much as he has uncomplainingly. Miss Maynard is still on guard over him, and some people are inconsiderate enough to say that they think that the way she watches every word and motion of his callers and strives to forestall his replies is getting decidedly tiresome. They wish they didn't have to see Mr. Maynard through his sister, Colonel Atherton has been called to department headquarters for consultation and will doubtless go thence to Chicago to join Mrs. Atherton, who you will probably see him before you go south. Major Stannard is in command meanwhile, and as we are now under the same roof we see more of the Maynards than anybody else, and Lanes (her major) says he believes Maynard would be all right in a few days if that old maid sister of his would only clear out, and go home, but Lanes always has something hateful to say of old maids.

"She is always down stairs when the orderly comes with the letters. She always reads over the address of those for her brother, and only then has her letters reach him. Lane snorts angrily and says things' more than I like to tell you. He thinks she would even assume control of her brother's correspondence, and that she doesn't at all like it now that he is permitted to read his own letters. This morning Mr. Maynard said to me, 'The doctor tells me that tomorrow I may use my hand a little, and the first thing I do will be to write Mrs. Barry to thank her and Miss Baird for the lovely letters they wrote me,' whereupon Miss Maynard instantly spoke up, 'Why, Ronald, I'd be only too glad to write for you any time,' but he as promptly said she were matters that he preferred not to

field duty and would none of it. The Barrys, with Miss Baird, had journeyed down the Mississippi and over to Havana, and were now resting among the pines of southern Alabama, and except by Mrs. Gregg, the famous night of burglaries was rarely mentioned in the press of other topics of more recent interest, when one evening new impetus was given to the whole matter by the tidings that a famous thief catcher had come out from the east armed with requisitions for the silent crew of professionals in jail, whom he recognized by the descriptions sent to the police of the big cities as prominent members of a gang that despoiled a great metropolitan bank two years before. If discharged for lack of evidence in Wyoming, they would be instantly rearrested on this other charge.

But Bridget, said the great man, was not one of the original gang. She was a western product, an exile from St. Louis, whither Dungan's trail had been followed back and his police record thoroughly examined. Mike and his cousin, however, proved game too small for a humor of the New York man's cabin. They were merely the cattlemen. The case was to come up for trial within the week, but with the morrow's sun there was excitement in good earnest in the prairie city. With the ease of long habit the experts had saved their selfish way out of jail, leaving Mike and Bridget to rage at their detection and to bear along the odds of their crime. To the wrath of the eastern official and the superintendence of the sheriff, the birds had flown and left no trace behind.

They were to start for the south that very night. The trunks had been packed and many preparations made the morning, but much remained to be done, yet there sat Nathalie at her open window, gazing afar out over the dancing, sparkling waters of the lake, her eyes brimming with tears.

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For answer the girl took the hand in both her own and buried her face upon it. It was some little time before she could trust herself to speak, but first she made her friend take an easy chair while she herself once more knelt in the old confiding way, buried her head in Mrs. Barry's lap and then placed in her hand the little letter with the well known Cheyenne postmark.

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"And the answer, Nathalie?" she whispered.

"I am sure there can be only one."

No reply.

"You have answered, haven't you? You know we go so soon."

"I had to; yes."

"And it was—yes? Nathalie, I'm so glad!"

"Mrs. Barry—Mrs. Barry," was the reply as the girl burst into a passion of tears, "how could it be yes? Have you forgotten her—his sweetheart—his promised wife at home? Have you forgotten—my shame and misery? Have you forgotten—him? No!" she cried, springing to her feet, her arms uplifted,

"And the answer, Nathalie?" she whispered.

"No! With that horror hanging over me I am fit to be no man's wife, and my answer was 'No!'" Then face dropped to her feet upon the bed, sobbing in utter desperation of spirit.

Two days later that answer was in his hands, and when in bitter disappointment, stunned and sorrowing, he would have turned to Graco as though for explanation she had left the house. She, too, had received a letter a telegram from him.

CHAPTER XVII.

Contrary to explanation, Ronald Maynard did not apply for leave of absence when once more fully able to move about. Miss Maynard had gone at last, a peremptory summons from her father being given as the cause, he needing her services and receiving benefit from them for more than did his son. Colonel and Mrs. Atherton were home from Chicago to join Mrs. Atherton, who you will probably see him before you go south. Major Stannard is in command meanwhile, and as we are now under the same roof we see more of the Maynards than anybody else, and Lanes (her major) says he believes Maynard would be all right in a few days if that old maid sister of his would only clear out, and go home, but Lanes always has something hateful to say of old maids.

"She is always down stairs when the orderly comes with the letters. She always reads over the address of those for her brother, and only then has her letters reach him.

For Nathalie's letter had well nigh made him desperate. It was brevity itself. It was almost bitter in its hopelessness. "Even had you no ties of your own," she wrote, "I have been—and for all I know may still be—so bound that the cruellest suspicions have attached to me, and though you are generous, magnanimous, and make no allusion to this, I know you it, and I can be wife to no man."

What she meant by ties of his own other than those that drew him to the father and sister at home did not understand. Never for a moment did he dream that Grace had gone so far to make Nathalie believe that there was a love affair—an engagement with some girl whom he had known long before his meeting with her. What must be done to find that man Boston? if alive or the proofs of it if he were dead, and on this matter he talked long and eagerly with Graco, who could give little encouragement.

"If Miss Baird has no idea what becomes of him, I'm sure I haven't," said the man from Denver with cold blooded, matter of fact and professional bluntness. "You dropped on to a mighty good piece of evidence by a streak of very good luck, Mr. Maynard. Perhaps he would be too glad to write for you again. He was able to ride every day. He went about his drills and duties, but he could not be coaxed to the hops and dances and concerts. His father was very ill, he said, and failing so fast that he, Ronald, could take no part in garrison gaieties. He went to Dana, and offered to exchange with him, but Dana loved

him as though he were a boy. Only a month I saw a prowler under her window—a tall, heavily built stranger in civilian dress. He threw pebbles at the window and hoarsely called to her, "Nathalie!" She was frightened and fled. She had been leaning out of the window when he first appeared, and her skeleton remained in the chair. The chair itself was only slightly scorched.

"Is your headache better? We didn't mean to get up for breakfast," said Carrie.

Miss Mason said a little roughly as she answered: "I may not always be up after this, so I shall depend on you to help Lizzie and on Mary to dress the children."

Miss Mason looked at her wife to see if she were out of her mind, but she looked very much comfused.

"There's a concert to-night I want to attend, John," she said, sweetly, after

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THE FARM.
SIGNAL FORM READ AT THE FIELD DAY,
NORLAND GRANGE BY MRS. RIFLEY.
twine a wreath of beautiful flowers,
for the glorious month of June.
Summer's wealth has opened her bowers,
the voice of Nature in these pleasant
hours
will serve our hearts to attune.

the freshness of summer is ours once more,
and countless treasures o'er bring,

blushing "Flora" has added her store
bright blooms, from mountain and
shore.

perfect the promise of spring.

Autumn's golden glow.

we'll far richer treasures see,
a bountiful harvest yet to be,

fair "Fomona" her gifts shall show.
in the plenteous grain,
golden and rich the sun,

ripening corn spread o'er the plain,
oats and barley, the farmer's gain,

our Mother "Ceres" well done,
gather a wreath of kingcups bright
nest violet, and last delight,
lilac blossoms pure and white,
d offerings from the farm.

the farm, the glorious old farm,
are adorns with such care;

her orchards, there's ever a charm,
in her shelter protected from harm,

the surest and safest fare.

farmer, the greatest noble is he,
and starvation's fears;

time and harvest, will always be
to make living a surety,

small cause for worry he wears.

potatoes grow just as well,

the tariff is high or low,
come tax will never tell
reduce the farm to sell;

the same, his crops will grow.

independent person we know;
not bound to ten hours a day,

something to eat and a roof, also,

though railways collapse, and trust

companies go,
their necessities they can't take away

farmer does not, by mistaken thought

that to beautify home is a waste,

all shade trees from around his

ot,

the dampness, the shingles might

bring to ruin in haste.

knew a farmer who took no pride

repairing his home in repairs;

painted house, with nothing supplied,

as its angular old kitchen chairs.

man was wealthy, as farmers go,

had hundreds laid up in the bank;

fancy cattle, feeding to and fro,

legged chickens, a hundred or so,

all else was barren, or blank.

good reason why so many boys

the old farm, far away.

city grand, or on ocean's foam,

try to make their fortunes alone,

there's some attraction to stay.

want to think that day is past,

is coming a wonderful change;

the day old ones could not last,

of reason is coming on fast,

measure, the work of the grange.

improvements have surely brought

condition in life,

was the place it ought,

old customs are being taught

farmer and his wife.

and children are clothed in style,

near the organ's soft tone,

books and papers the hours to be

idle

complaint from the farmer, erst-

while he is left all alone.

old farm where to-day we meet,

as the bloom of spring;

friend meets friend, and neighbors

meet,

fill the day complete,

cheers to Brother Thing.

of friends is cordial and kind,

as host is plain;

but all are of one mind,

knows how to entertain.

sweet scent of bright June flowers

on the summer breeze;

sun dust floats down in showers

time, from the woodland bowers,

the whispering of home trees.

good Father keep you true,

whatever work you do,

you find in Norland Grange.

LORRAINE.

ready for your steeples chase, Lor-

aine, Lorraine, Lorree,

Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum,

Barum, Barum,

not ride Vindictive with this baby

my knee,

left a boy, he's killed a man, and why

not him?

hounds could be cruel," said Lorraine,

trials, Lorraine,

Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum,

Barum, Barum,

not ride Vindictive with this baby

my knee,

left a boy, he's killed a man, and why

not him?

not ride Vindictive, for all the

world, and save him first and

in the run for me."

Charles Kingsley.

This I Will Do!

I will pay \$100 reward for any case of colic, horse ail, curbs, splints, knotted cords, or similar trouble, that

Tuttle's Elixir

is used and tested by the Adams Ex. Co.

will not cure. It is the veterinary wonder of the age, and every stable should have a bottle always on hand. Locates lameness when present and removes most of the part affected.

WATERS RIVER, Vt.

DEA. S. TUTTLE. I have used your Elixir on one of the greatest horses I ever had, and it is the best I ever saw. I used it for rheumatism, and it worked wonders. I will send direct on receipt of price.

O. B. GOVE.

Tuttle's Family Elixir cures Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises, Pains, etc. Samples of either Elixir will be sent free.

Fifty cents buys either Elixir or any drugstore.

DR. S. A. TUTTLE, Sole Prop., 27 Beverly Street, Boston, Mass.

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD

Arrangement of Trains in Effect June 27, 1898.

FOR RANGERS:Leave Portland, 12.55 A. M.; 12.30, 1.15, 11.00 P. M., via Brunswick and Augusta, and 11.05 A. M., 1.15 P. M., via Lewiston and Bangor, 12.55 A. M., 1.30, 8.15 (Sundays only) and 2.20, 6.10 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Bath, 1.00 P. M., 1.30, 8.15 (Sundays only) and 2.20, 6.10 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (lower) 12.35 and 11.25 P. M.; leave Portland, 1.00 P. M., 1.30, 8.15 (Sundays only) and 2.20, 6.10 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Augusta, 1.25 and 2.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Bangor, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (upper) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Portland, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (lower) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Bangor, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (upper) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Portland, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (lower) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Bangor, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (upper) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Portland, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (lower) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Bangor, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (upper) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Portland, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (lower) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Bangor, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (upper) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Portland, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (lower) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Bangor, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (upper) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Portland, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (lower) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Bangor, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (upper) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Portland, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (lower) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Bangor, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (upper) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Portland, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (lower) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Bangor, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (upper) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Portland, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (lower) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Bangor, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (upper) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Portland, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (lower) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Bangor, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (upper) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Portland, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (lower) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Bangor, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (upper) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Portland, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (lower) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Bangor, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (upper) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Portland, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (lower) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Bangor, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (upper) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Portland, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (lower) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Bangor, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (upper) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Portland, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (lower) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Bangor, 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M. night); leave Lewiston (upper) 1.25, 6.10, 8.00 P. M., 1.15, 2.15 (M.

